



THE ARBOR OF amorous Deuises.

VVherin, young Gentlemen

may reade many pleasant fancies, and fine deuises: And

thereon, meditate diuers sweete Conceites, to court

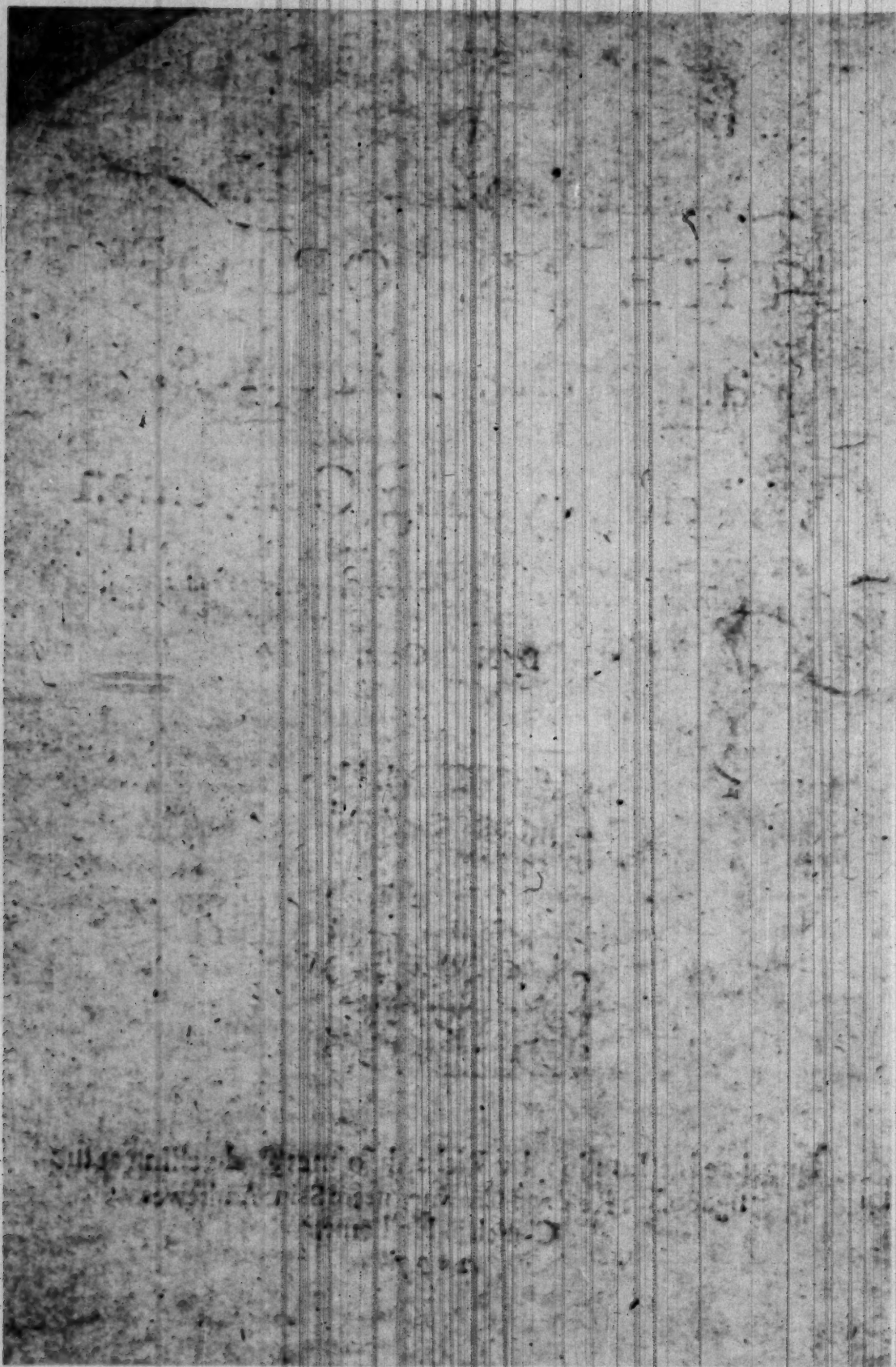
the loue of faire Ladies and Gentlewomen

By N. B. Gent,



Imprinted at London by Richard Iohnes, dwelling at the
signe of the Rose and Crowne, neere Saint Andrewes
Church in Holborne,

1592.





To the Gentlemen

Readers: health, wealth, and
welfare,

Right curteous Gentlemen, your absence, this long time of vacation hindered my poore Presse from publishing any pleasing Pamphlet, to recreate your minds, as it was wont: yet now, to give you notice that your old Printer forgetteth not his best friendes, he hath thought it meet to remember his duetifull good wil he beareth to you all, publishing this pleasant Arbor for Gentlemen, beeing many mens workes excellent Poets, and most, not the meanest in estate and degree: and had not the Phenix prevented me of some the best stuffe she furnisht her nest with of late: this Arbor had bin fower hat the more handsomer trimmed up, beside a larger scope for gentlemen to recreate them selues. Please it you (sweete Gentlemen) to take it in worth as it is, though nothing comparable with your pleasant Arbors of the countrie: view it ouer I pray you, and praise it as you find it: in the meane time (I beseech you) pardon me, and protect me against caulling Finde fautes, that neuer like of any thing, but what they doe themse uer, and that, for the most part, is nothing at all: so shall I acknowledge my selfe most bounden vnto your flourishing degree,

A2.

TO THE READER.

*degree, and pray unto God to keepe you all in health: and such
as are in the countrey, God send them a happy and speedy re-
turne to London, to the pleasure of God, their hearts content,
and to the reioycing of all Citizens, and specially to the com-
fort of all poore men of Trades.*

*Yours, most bounden,
R. I. Printer.*

A LO.

ALOVERS FARVEL

To his Loue and ioy.

Adieu mine onely ioy whose absence breeds my smart,
whose parting did a naze my minde & damped much my hart,
Adieu mine onely loue, whose loue is life to me,
whose loue once lost, no life can tast within my corps to be.
Adieu mine onely friend whose friendship cannot fade,
whose faith is firme vpon the which my health and hope is stayed,
Adieu the vitall spirits of these my senses all,
for dead each parte will still remaine vntill I heare thee call,
Farewell my selfe and all, farewell more deare then life:
Farewel the constant da ne on earth: farewell Vlisses wife,
Sith spite hath playde his parte, to parte vs now in twaine,
my helpe shal rest in happy hope, till we two meet againe:
Which hope doth heate my heart about the haughty heauen,
and carrieth me with good successe about the Planets seauen,
Sith that the Sunne must lodge within the Ocean seas,
As oft time as the houres be within foure or nyleat dayes:
So must Danaes face be rownd and horned thrise
and for her light a debtor be vnto Sir Phebus wife:
Before I shal enioy the presence of my choyce,
till which time comes, Ile cloy the skies with plaints & bitter voyce,
That Fortune now which frownes with all her fatal dames,
shal haue for praye most piteous plaints, and infamie for names:
Vntill the time that she doth turne her face againe,
and giue me her that may redresse my greuous pinch ing paine:
God graunt that none beholde thy face and beantie braue,
thy comely corps and featured forme and countenance so graue,
Thy haire in tresses tyed, thy vaines so Azure blew,
thy Lilly with the rose in cheekes doth shew a gallant hew:
Thy eyes with smiling babes, thy lips vermillion like,
thy dimple in thy chin so braue, thy teeth as Christal white,
Thy neck so white and fair, thy breast so round and soft,
thy fingers fine and body small which I embraste so oft,
No pen can wel describe, nor wit can wel declare,
thy feature, forme and comelynes, thy beauty passing rare,
Spelles cease to paint, Pigmalion leaue to graue, (braue,
Dane Nature hath despised your workes, and hath made one more

THE ARBOR

The graces all attend the Muses make request,
 still for to waite vpon my deare, and be at her behest:
 Blush now you bashles dames that vaunt of beautie rare,
 for let me see who dares come in, and with my deare compare:
 No, no, you are all fled, you walke like owles by night,
 my deare so sayre, that of the world she is the onely wight:
 Then farewell heart and ioy, till time hath run her race,
 farewell delight, welcome annoy, till that I see thy face.
 Which will delight my heart, which will reuiue my minde
 which will delight my senceles corps, which ioy none else can finde,
 Take heere my speech last spent, vntill thy home returne,
 take here my heart, but leaue the corps which shal in torments burne.
 My scalding sighes Ile send throughout the skies to thee,
 my teares shall water still my couch, vntill thou beest with mee.

Finis.

A Lovers complaint.

THe restless race that I haue run,
 the peril and the paine
 That I from time to time haue past,
 and dayly doe sustaine,
 Doth make me deeme, that when I first
 this light began to see,
 The starrie skie no planet had,
 that happy was for me.

The fatall Sisters three, alas,
 my file doerwist awry,
 And Fortune, she in frowning sorte
 from me doth swiftly flie:
 Which makes my carking cares abound,
 thus am I wrapt in woe,
 But how to finde reliefe, alas,
 poore man I doe not knowe.

When that Sir Phobus decks the skie
 with his faire fulgent light,
 I with alas to gaine with teares
 the dim and darkesome night.

And

OF AMOROVS DEVISES.

And when that *Vesper* with hir vaile
exiles the glittering Sun,
I will againe the dawning day
the night might ouer-run,

Thus neither day nor night can serue
to mitigate my grieffe,
But still I pine and live in woe,
and cannot finde reliefe.
Such torments tesse my senses sure
and ransack every vaine,
That I doe wish to end my care,
the graue I might obtaine.

The cause that coucheth care, alas,
with in my secret bre st.
Is fell *Cupid*s dreadfull wound,
chiefe cause of mine vnrest:
My suits, my plaints and friendlines,
is guarded with d'sdaines:
And wofully which I thus I
must passe my dayes in paine,

I live and loue, I serue in hope,
yet day by day I die,
Yet doth my loue disdainefully
her friendship sure denie:
The want wherof in sorrowing sort,
to mourne doth me constraine,
Ye Gods above graunt grace to me,
abate my carking paine,

And suffer Cupid God of loue,
to draw his regent dart,
And piercing ioyes to wound my deare
that she may rue my smart:
And salve my wound that now am prest
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THE ARBOR

You heauens, your helping aides I craue,
to me your fauours shew.

Finis.

A poeme of a Mayde forsaken.

AS late I lay within an Arbor sweete,
the ayre to take amongst the flowers faire;
I heard a Mayd to mourne and sorely weepe,
That thither wld to make her oft repayre.

Alas, poore wench, quoth she, drownd in despaire,
What folly sond doth breed me my vntrest;
Will spitfull loue increase continuall care,
To worke her wrath on me about the rest.

And will she still increase my sorrowing sighes,
With pinching paine of heart, with torments torments
Are these rewards, or are they Cupids slights,
To kill the heart which is with sorrowes worne?

Then witnes beare, you woods and waists about,
You craggie rockes, with hilles and valleyes low,
Recording birds, you beasts both strong and stout,
You fishes deafe, you waues that ebbe and flow.

Heere haue in minde that loue hath slaine a hart
As true as trueth vnto her froward friend,
Whose dying death shal shew her faithfull parte,
What so my deare hath alwayes of me deemd.

The red brest then did seeme to be the Clarke.
And shrowded her vnder the mosse so greene,
He calles the birds each one to sing aparte:
A sight full strange and wotthy to be scene,

The Larke, the Thrush and Nightingale,
The Linnets sweete, and eke the Turtles true,

OF AMOROUS DEVICES.

The chattering Pie, the Iay, and eke the Quaille,
The Thrush-Cock that was so blacke of hewe,

All these did sing the praye of her true heart,
And mournd her death with dolefull musick sound:
Each one digged earth, and plyed so their part,
Till that she was close closed vnder ground.

Finis.

The counsell of a friend to one in loue.

Clime not too high, for feare thou catch a fall,
Seeke not to build thy nest within the Sunne,
Refraine the thing which bringeth thee to thrall,
Least when too late thou findeste thy selte vndone:
Cause thy desires to rest and sleepe a space,
And let thy fancie take her resting place.

The Tiger fierce cannot by force be tamed,
The Eagle wilde wil not be brought to fist,
Nor womens mindes at any time be framed,
To doe ought more then what their fancies list:
Then cease thy pride, and let thy plumes downe fall,
Least soaring still thou purchasest endles thrall.

Finis.

A Ladies complaint for the losse of her Loue.

Come follow me you Nymphes,
Whose eyes are neuer drie,
Augment your wayling number nowe
With me poore Emclie,

Giue place ye to my plaines,
Whose ioyes are pinchd with paines,
My loue, alas through foule mishap,
Most cruell death hath slaine,

B.

THE ARBOR

What wight can wel, alas,
my sorrowes now indite?
I waile & want my new desire
I lack my new delite,

Gush out my trickling teares,
Like mighty floods of raine,
My Knight alas, through foule mishap
Most cruell death hath slaine,

Oh hap alas most hard,
Oh death why didst thou so?
Why could not I embrace my ioy,
for me that bid such woe?

False Fortunu out, alas,
Woe worth thy subtil traine,
Whereby my loue through foule mishap,
Most cruell death hath slaine,

Rock me a sleepe in woe,
You wofull Sisters thre,
Oh cut you off my fatall threed,
Dispatch poore *Emilie*.

Why should I liue, alas,
And linger thus in paine?
Farewell my life, sith that my loue
Most cruell death hath slaine. *Finis.*

The lamentable complaint of a Loner.

Accord your notes vnto my wofull songs,
You chirping birds which haunt the cloudy skie,
Cease off your flight, and come to heare my wrongs
Compeld by loue, mixed with cruelties,
Leave off I say, and help me to lament
My wofull dayes, vntill my time be spent.

OF AMOROUS DEVISES. INT

With sorrow great I passe away the time,
 The which too long I feele vnto my paine,
 Too childish is this fond conceit of mine,
 That voyde of hope doth helpelesse still remaine:
 Yet wil I rest til time doth futher serue,
 That *Atropos* doth me of life bereaue.

But sic fond foole, I complaine of disease,
 And faultlesse Fortune I begin to blame,
Venus her selfe doth seeke me for to please,
 In causing me to loue so rare a dame:
 But if faire *Nymph* I might eniuy thy sight,
 Thy fauour faire would force in me delight.

But I am bannisht from thy comely hew,
 Oh thy sweet loue, but yet I wil remaine
 For euer thine as perfect louer true,
 Without all guile, although thou me disdain:
 And thus I end, although not rest content,
 Vntil such time wy wretched dayes are spent.

Finit.

A Poeme both pitie and pleasant.

If right were rackt and ouer-runne,
 And power take parte with open wrong,
 If force by feare doe yeeld too soone,
 The lack is like to last too long:

If God for goods shalbe vnplac'd,
 If right for riches leaues his shape,
 If world for wisdom be imbrac'd,
 The guesse is great much hurt may hap,
 Among good things I prooue and find,
 The quiet life doth most abound,
 And sure to the contented mihd,
 There is no riches may be found,

B

Riches

THE ARBOR

Riches doth hate to be content,
Rule is enmie to quiet ease,
Power for the most part is vnpatient
And seldome likes to lue in peace,

I heard a Shepheard once compare,
That quiet nights he had more sleepe,
And had more merrie dayes to spare,
Then he which ought his Flock of sheepe.

I would not haue it thought heereby,
The Dolphin swim I meane to teach,
Ne yet to learne the Faucon flie,
I roue not so farre past my reach,

But as my part about the rest,
Is wel to wish and good to will:
So till the breath doth fayle my best,
I shal not stay to wish you still.

A Poeme.

THe time was once that I haue liued free,
And wandred heere, and where me liketh best,
But in my wandring I did chance to see
A Damsel faire which causd in me small rest:
For at her sight mine heart was wounded sore,
That liued free and voyd of loue before

Which when I felt, I got me to my bed,
Thinking to rest my heauie heart: bur then
There came strange thoughts into my troubled hed,
Which made me thinke vpon my thoughts agen:
And thus in thinking on my thoughts did sleep,
And dreamed that another did her keepe.

With this same dreame I sudainly awoke,
And orderly did marke it every poynt;

And

OF AMOROUS DEVISES.

And with the same so great a griefe I tooke,
 That as one scard, I quaked euery ioynt:
 Yet at the last supposed it but a dreame,
 My troubled spirits did reuiue againe.

Fints.

Fantasma.

IN fortune as I lay, my fortune was to finde
 Such fancies as my carefull thought, had brought into my minde,
 And when each one was gone to rest, full soft in bed to lie,
 I would haue slept, but then the watch did follow still mine eyet
 And sodainly I saw a sea of sorrowes prest,
 Whose wicked waues of sharpe repulse brought me vnquiet rest,
 I saw this world, and how it went, each state in his degree,
 And that from wealth graunted is both life and libertie:
 I saw how Enuie it did raigne, and bare the greatest price,
 Yet greater poyson is not found within the Cockatrice:
 I also saw how that disdain, oft times to forge my woe,
 Gaue me the cup of bitter sweete, to pledge my mortall soe:
 I also saw how that deceit, to rest no place could finde,
 But still constrained an endles paine, to follow natures kinde,
 I also saw most strange, how Nature did forsake
 the blood that in her womb was wrought, as doth the loathed snake,
 I saw how fancie would remaine, no longer then her lust,
 And as the winde how she doth change, and is not for to trust:
 I saw how stedfastnes did flie, with winges of often change,
 A bird, but truely seldome seene, her nature is so strange:
 I saw how pleasant Time did passe, as Flowers in the Mead,
 To day that riseth red as Rose, to morrow lyeth dead.
 I saw my time how it did run, as sand out of the Glasse,
 Euen as each hower appoynted is, from tide to tide to passe:
 I saw the yeares that I had spent, and losse of all my gaine,
 And how the sport of youthfull playes, my folly did retaine:
 I saw how that the little Ant in Summer still doth runne,
 To secke her foode, whereby to live in winter for to come:
 I saw eke vertue, how she sate the threed of life to spinne,
 Which sheweth the end of euery thing before it doeth begin,

THE ARBOR OF COMPLAIN

And when al these I saw, with many moe perdie,
 In me my thoughts each one had wrought a perfect proprietie
 And then I sayd vnto my selfe, a Lesson this shalbe,
 For other that shal after come, for to beware by me.
 Thus al the night I did deuise which way I might constraîne.
 To forme a plot that wit might worke the branches in my braine.

Finis.

The complaint of one being in loue.

Leaue me O life, the prison of my minde,
 Since nought but death can take away my loue,
 For she which likes me wel is most vnkinde,
 And that which I loue best my death doth prooue.

Loue in her eyes my hopes againe reuiue,
 Hopes in my thoughts doe kindle my desires,
 Desire enflam'd through ioue and beauty strive,
 Til she (displeas'd with loue) my death conspires
 That loue for me, and I for Lotic doe cal,
 Yet she denies because she graunts not al.

Finis.

A Lovers resolution.

TRue, though vttried, desirous in despaire,
 Patient with paine, faithfull though yet not sound,
 In cares vnkowne my youthfull daies I weare,
 More sure then safe tny youth and beauty bound.
 What shal I say? the time serues not to waile
 Let it suffice, my faith shal neuer faile.

Finis.

A Lovers complaint.

THe fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth,
 The aire in raine for mine affection weepeth,
 The sea to ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth,

The

OF AMOROVS DEVISES.

The earth with pittie dul the centre keepeth,
 Fame is with wonder blazed,
 Time runnes away for sotrow,
 Place standeth still amazed,
 To see my nights of euill which haue no morrow.
 Alas, onely she nopitry taketh
 To see my miseries, but chaff and cruel,
 My fall her glorie maketh,
 Yettill her eyes giues to my flames their fuel,

Fire burne me quick, till sence of burning leaue,
 Ayre let me drawe my breath no more in anguish,
 Sea drowne me in thee, of teadiouſ life bereaue me,
 Earth take this earth, wherein these spirits languish:

Fame say I was not borne,
 Time draw my dismall hower,
 Place see my graue vp-torne, (power
 Fire, Aire, sea, earth, Fame, time, place, shew your
 Alas, from all their helps I am exiled,
 For hers am I, and death feares her displeasure:
 Oh death thou art beguiled,
 Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.

Finis.

A sweet Lullabie.

Come little babe, come silly soule,
 Thy fathers shame, thy mothers griefe,
 Borne as I doubt to all our dole,
 And to thy selfe vnhappy chiefe:
 Sing Lullabie and lap it warme,
 Poore soule that thinkes no creature harme,

Thou little thinkst and lesse doost knowe,
 The cause of this thy mothers moane,
 Thou wantst the wit to waile her woe,
 And I my selfe am all alones

Why doost thou weep? why doost thou waile?
 And knowest not yet what thou doost ayle,

Com

THE ARBOR

Come little wretch, ah silly heart,
Mine onely ioy, what can I more:
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore:
Twas I, I say, against my will,
I wayle the time, but be thou still.

And doest thou smile, oh thy sweete face,
Would God himselic he might thee see,
No doubt thou wouldst loone purchase grace:
I know right well for thee and mee:
But come to mother babe and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy if it by fortune chance,
Thy father home againe to send,
If death do strike me with his launce,
Yet mayst thou me to him comend:
If any aske thy mothers name,
Tell how by loue she purchast blame.

Then will his gentle heart soone yeeld,
I know him of a noble minde.
Although a Lyon in the field,
A Lamb in towne thou shalt him finde:
Aske blessing babe, be not afayde,
His sugred words hath me betrayde.

Then mayst thou ioy and be right glad,
Although in wee I seeme to moane.
Thy father is no Rascall lad,
A noble youth of blood and boane:
His glancing looks if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile.

Come little boy and rocke a sleepe,
Sing lullabie and be thou still.

OF AMOROVVS DEVISES

I that can doe nought else but weepe,
 Wil sit by thee and waile my fill:
 God blesse my babe and lullabie,
 From this thy fathers qualitie.

Finis.

A Poeme.

THe work of worth that Nature finely fram'd,
Hope of the heart, that highest hart aspires
Reason set downe that secret wisdom nam'd,
Onely the sweete that honour can desire,
Grace of the earth, and natures onelic glorie,
More then most faire was spoke of long agoe:
Oh heauenlic starre that is the shepheards staye
Read who it is, but one there is no moe,
This is the Saint that Wit and Reason setue,
Of such account as vertue doth regard,
Note who it is that doth this fame deserue,
Excellencie giues each honour his reward.

Finis.

A Poeme.

MVses attending all on Pallas traine,
Amongst the rest was one, though not the least,
Carrying the minde that most might honour gaine,
Kinde yet with care that might become her best:
Wise as a woman, men can be no more,
Iudge who it is, I may not tell her name,
Loue of the life that vertue doth adore
Life of the loue that gaines the highest fame.
Ioyne but the thought of loue and life together,
And one may finde anothers excellence,
Meeke loue, deare life can sorrow neuer wither,
Such is the power of heauenly prouidence,

Finis.

THE ARBOR

Another.

Silly poore swaine pul down thy simple pride,
Angelles are not for beggars to behold,
Reach not too high for feare thy foote dorth slide,
And haples hope doo prooue a slender hold,
Hold downe thy head, thy hand is not thine owne,
A sunne, a sunne hath put out both thine eyes,
See in thy selfe how thou art ouerthrowne:
There is no comfort in extremities,
In high good-wil let honour be thy guide,
No cruell thought can rest in kinde aspect,
Good-nature sees that reason cannot hide,
Sweet be the ends that follow such effect.
Finis.

Another.

Knowledge doth much in eare of most content,
And reason sees, when loue hath lost his eyes,
Time hath his course, and vertue her intent,
Honor her selfe when other fancies dies,
A wonder lasts but onely for a day,
Rreason regards but honors worthines,
In vertues loue can honor not decay:
Nothing but heauen is perfect happines,
Rare is the eye that neuer lookes awry,
And sweet the thought that neuer sounds amis,
TTrue is the heart that guideth such an eye,
Careful the minde where such discretion is,
Long is the life where long doth draw the line,
Ioyfull the hope that such a heart vpholdeth,
Time is the threed no fancie can yntwine,
Faire is the hap, that such a face beholdeth.
Finis.

An.

OF AMOROVS DÉVISES.

Another.

C Vrtuesie carries all the world to loue,
A Affection serues, where vertue fauour giues,
N Neere to the heavens of highest hearts behoue,
D Deere is the thought whereby discretion liues,
I Ioy of the eye, and leuel of the heart,
S Saint of the shape that seruice doth adore,
H High of the honor of *Minerues* art:
E Except, excepted but one there is no more.

Finis.

Another.

S Weet is the flower that neuer sadeth hue,
V Vnmatcht the mind that neuer means amis,
T Trefure the heart that cannot prooue vnttrue
H High such a saint in whom such honor is,
W Where such a flower, as faire as sweet doth spring
E Except but one, behold the onely ground,
L Loue such a ground, a Garden for a King:
L Look in the world, the like is hardly found.

Finis.

A pretty Poeme.

A Trembling hand, but not a traitors heart,
 Writing for feare and fearing for to write,
 Loath to reueale, yet willing to impart,
 Such secret thoughts as fit not every sight.
 Must leaue to you in sweet conceit to know them,
 For I haue sworne that I will neuer shew them.

I know not what, but sure the griefe is Greene,
 I know not when, but once it was not euer,
 I know not how, but secretly vnscene,
 And make no care if it be ended neuer,
 And yet a wound that wastes me all with woe.

C2.

And

THE ARBOR

And yet I would not that it were not so
But oh sweete God, what doe these humors moue?
Alas, I feare, God shield it be not loue.

Finis.

A Lover in despair.

BYrne burne desir'e, while thy poore fuel lasteth,
Young wood inflam'd doth yeeld the brauest fire,
Though long before in smothering heat it wasteth
With froward will to conquer his desires
But fire suppress once breaking into flame,
Doth rage till all be wasted in the same,

Most tyrannous and cruel element,
So to Enuie the Substance of thy life,
As to consume thy vital nourishment,
Till death it selfe doe end this mortal strife:
Yet worke thy wil on me O raging fire,
And leaue no coales to kindle new desire.

Ne let the glowing heat of ashes left,
Yeeld to my fainting sences fresh reliefe,
But as my soule from comfort thou hast rest,
So end my life in this consuming griefe:
For well I see, nor wit nor wil now serueth,
To recompence desire as he deserueth,

Finis.

A Dreame of the arraignment of Desire.

A Court was lately kept in secret of conceit.
To cal desire vnto his death, or cleare him of deceit,
Fayre Beautie was the Queene, and loue was all her Lawes,
Who had appoynted perfect sence to sit vpon the cause.
The wretches that accus'd desire of ill desert,
Where Enuie, packt with Iniurie, to kill a careful heart,

The

OF AMOROUS DEVISES.

The whole Inditemen read against desire, was this,
That where he most auowed best he ment not least amis,
The Lawyers that did plead against this poore desire,
Where wicked wit with eloquence, whom hate and wrong did hire,
But to defend desire was plaine simplicitie,
Who knew the bounds and kept the bonds of perfect amitie:
A grand Inquest in haste was panneld by the Court,
Of whom Com-troth was foreman made, and so begun the sport.
Suspect did halfe affirme, that witnes should not neede,
And yet selfe-will would faine haue sworne that al was true indeed,
But reason wild regard, the treason should be tryed,
And deepe conceit should be the man that should the trueth decide.
Suspect in Natures sence layd shrewdly to his charge,
But care had brideled Natures course, loue neuer liu'd at large,
And conscience plaine replied in reasons secreete thought,
That good wines need no Iuie-bush, and eloquence is naught.
To sound the depth of all did sences all assemble,
And poore goodwill came swearing in, that loue could not dissemble,
When patience fully heard the pleading of the case,
She call'd to reason to reueale who had deseru'd disgrace,
Good-wil was earnest still, and fware that liue or die,
Suspect did sore abuse desire, for louers could not lie,
With that the people laught, and reason chargd Com-troth
To giue vp vnto perfect sence the verdict of his oath.
The Jurors were the thoughts that did posse the minde,
Where flatterie was but fancies foole while faith did fauour finde,
Who when they had at full considered of the cause,
Gauē Enuie vp for enemie to loue and al his lawes,
And wit was but a foole to follow false suspect,
And eloquence was little worth to carrie such effect.
And hate and Enuie both were had in great disgrace,
And eloquence for taking parte, was hissed out of place.
And sweet desire was cleare, in Reasons secret sence,
And perfect sence gaue iudgement so, and quit him of offence.
And beautie that before was thought did quite disdain him,
Did graunt him fauour by desert, and loue did entertaine him,
Suspect to silence put, good Nature gan to smile,
To heare them iudge to loues disdain that would desire beguile.

THE ARBOR.

And sweet desire the force of chuiues ouerthrow,
And therewithal the Court brake vp, & I awaked so.
Finis.

Brittons Disinitie.

From worldly cares and wanton loues conceit,
Begun in griefe and ended in deceit:
I am coniu'r'd by hope of happie blis,
VVhere heavenly faith and highest fauour is,
To call my wits and all my thoughts together,
To write of heauen, and of the high-way thither.

The holy spirit of eternall power,
Vouchsafe his grace to guide my soule aright,
That patient heart may finde the happie hower,
VVhen I may see the glorie of thar sight,
That in conceit so fully may content me,
As nought on earth be able to torment me,

I aske no ayde of any earthly muse,
Far be my fancie from such fonde affect:
But in the heauen where highest Angels vse,
To sing the sweet of faithful loues effect,
Among those spirits of especiall grace,
I wish my soule might haue a sitting place.

VVhere first the teares of true repentant hart,
VVith faithful hope may happy fauour moue,
And sighing sobs of sorrowes bitter smart,
May see the life of vnderferved loue:
Thence would I craue some excellence deuine,
To set my foote in this discourse of mine.

To iudge of heauen it is a place of ioy,
VVhere happy soules haue their eternall rest,
VVhere sweet delights doe suffer no annoy,
But all things good and onely on the best.

VVhere

OF AMOROUS DEVISES.

Where comforts moer then man can comprehend,
And such contents as neuer can haue end,

It is the Throne of high labours sweete,
The God of power, of glorie and of grate,
Where vertue dwells, and her adherents meete,
In ioyful feare to see his heavenly face,
Where holy saints and highest Angels sing,
An *Allelus* to their heavenly King.

There is the day, and there is neuer night,
There euer ioy, and there is neuer sorrow,
There neuer wrong, but there is euer right,
There euer haue, and neuer need to borrow.
There euer loue, and there is neuer hate,
Neuer but there was euer such a state.

There all the graces doe agree in one,
There liueth brethren in one linke of loue,
There all the saints doe serue one King alone,
Who giues the blis of highest hearts behoue.
There is the place of perfect paradise,
Where conscience liues and comfort neuer dies.

There is the Sun, the beautie of the skie,
The Moone and Starres, the candles of the night,
There is the essence of that heavenly eye,
That blinds the proud and giues the humble light,
There is the rainebow bended by his hand,
Who doth both heauen, earth, sea, & hel comand.

There sitteth God in glorie of his throne,
With Virgins, saints and Angels all attended,
Who in his Ire hath Kingdomes ouerthrowen,
And in his loue hath little things defended,
Whose glorie more then may by man be knowen,
And glorie most is in his mercy shoven.

THE ARBOR

There doth he sit in highest of his power,
Calling the poore vnto his rich reliefe,
Sowing the sweete that killeth euerie sower,
Giuing the salue that healeth euerie griefe,
Makieg them liue that long were dead before,
And living so, that they can die no more.

By him alone the dumbe doe speake againe,
Of him alone the blinde receiue their seeing,
With him alone is pleasure without pain,
In him alone haue blessed hearts their beeing,
To him alone, and onely but vnto him,
All glorie due that al the world may doe him.

Now haue I writ, though far beneath the worth,
Of highest Heauen, what happie hart conceiueth
Now wil I trie in order to set forth,
Dire ction such as neuer hope deceiueth,
How care may climbe the hill of happines
Where is the heauen of highest blessednesse.

Grace is the ground of euerie good that is,
The ground once good, how can the work be ill?
Then that the minde may not be lead amisse,
Beseech the helpe of his most blessed will,
Whose onely word sets downe the passage be,
Of humble soules to their desired rest.

Begin to leaue, and make an end to loue,
Such wanton thoughts as wofull sorrow giue,
Be once resolu'd and neuer doe remoue,
To liue to die, as thou mayst die to liue,
Which hell to hate, and seeke for heavenly blis
Read of the world, and tell me what it is.

The world (in trueth) is but a wofull vale,
Where grieve for grasse, and sinnes doe grow for seed,
Where substance, sence and scales are set to sale,

While

OF AMOROUS DEVISES.

While hoorders heape that naked people need:
And for the gaine but of a simple groat,
One man wil seeke to cut anothers throate,

What is there here that can content the hart?
That knowes content or what it doth containe?
What thought so sweet but brings as sower a smart?
What pleasure such but breeds a greater paine?
What thing so good but prooves in fine so euill?
As (but for God) would beare men to the deuill,

What is the earth? the labour of the life.
What is the sea? a gulfe of grislie lakes.
What is the ayre? a stuffe of filthie strife:
What is the fire? the spoyle of that it takes.
Since these are al whence euerie thing doth spring
What is the world, but enen a woful thing?

What thing is man? a clod of mirie clay,
Slime of the earth, a slaue to filthie sinne,
Springs like a weed, and so doth weare away,
Goes to the earth where first he did begin:
Thinke with thy selfe, when thou thy selfe art such
What is in man that man should be so much?

What hath the world to leade thy minde to loue?
In true effect, a fardle full of toyes,
For wey the pith what euerie man doth prooue,
The perfect Gems are most vnperfect ioyes:
Consider all what fancie bringeth forth,
The best conceit will fall out nothing worth.

What worldlie thinges doe follow fancie most?
Wealth, beantie, loue, fine diet, honour, fame
What finds affect? both loue and labour lost,
Disdaine, disease, dishonour, death and shame.
Where care and sorrow, death and deadlie strife,
Doe rule the roste in this accursed life,

OF AMOROVVS DEVISES.

What thing is beautie: a colour quicke gone.

And what is wealth when riches fall to rust:

What thing is loue: a toy to thinke vpon,

Fine diet, drosse to feede a filthie lust:

What worldlie honor oft vnworthie praise:

What ease, the cause whereby the life decayes:

What is disdain: the scorne of proud conceit,

And what disease, the death of discontent:

Dishonor next the fruit of fond deceit.

And what is death: the end of ill intent.

Now what is shame: a shamefull thing to tel.

What is the world but wickeds way to hel:

For beasts, for birds, for fishes, flowers and trees,

And all such thinges created for our vse,

What thing is man to take such things as these,

By want of grace to turne vnto abuse:

Oh wretched world, when man that shuld be best

In beastly things prooues worse then all the rest,

Thus haue I shew'd the world and what is,

A wicked place and ful of wretched woes,

A sincke of sinne that out from heauenly blis,

Where lacke of grace doth wit and reason loose:

So vile a thing as who in kinde doth prooue it,

Will soone confesse he hath no cause to loue it.

Now how to leaue this loathsome life of ours,

The hatefull hel the ground of euerie grieve,

Implore the helpe of those assured powers,

Who neuer faile the faithfull soule reliefe:

Lay by these thoughts that are to be abhord,

And set thy heart vpon the heauenlie Lord.

First know thy God, and what a God he is,

Without beginning and can haue no end,

Who in his loue created onely his,

And

OF AMOROUS DEUISES,

And by his hand doth euer his defend;
Whose glorious essence of his excellence,
Makes highest powers to tremble at his presence,

He made the world and what it doth containe,
Onely but man he made vnto his loue,
And mans good will was his desired gaine,
Eill proud attempt did high displeasure moue;
He plagu'd his pride, yet when he saw his paine,
He gaue the salve that heald the wound againe.

He gaue the rules to guide the soule aright,
VVhat it should doe, and what it should not doe,
He shew'd the summe of his desires delight,
And what the heart should set it selfe vntoote;
And in the good of his most gracious will,
He shew'd the good that healed euerie ill.

He gaue the sunne, the moone and starres a course,
That they obserue according to his will;
He makes the tides to take their due recourse,
And sets the earth where it doth settle still;
He made the substance of each element,
And sets his foote vpon the firmament,

He giues vs knowledge, and we will not know him;
He bids vs aske, and we wil neuer moue him;
He bids vs come, and we are running from him;
He giues vs life, and yet we neuer loue him;
He is our King, and we doe not respect him;
He is our God, and yet we doe neglect him,

And nought but man that can or dare deuise,
How to offend that holy wil of his,
In onely man that cursed humor lyes,
That makes no care to run his course amis,
But day by day doth more and more offend him;
Whose onely hand doth from all hurt defend him;

THE ARBOR

Vngrateful man whom God did onely make,
In loue to loue, and with his loue preserueth,
And for his loue endured for his sake
Such death of life as dearest loue deserueth:
What cursed hart would in displeasure moue him
That giuing all, asks nothing but to loue him.

Oh loue, sweet loue, oh high and heavenly loue,
The onely loue that leads to happie life,
Oh loue that liues for liuing hearts behoue,
And makes an end of euery hateful strife:
How happie he that kindly can attaine it,
And how accurst that dare for to disdain it.

Loue was the cause that first we were created,
Loue is the life that we haue giuen to lead,
Loue is the cause we neuer can be hated,
Loue is our life when other life is dead,
Loue is the grace that highest good doth giue,
Learne but to loue, and 'tis enough to liue.

First loue thy God that taught thee how to loue,
Then loue the loue that he in loue hath taught thee.
That loue so fixed as nothing can remove.
The hope of life that highest loue hath wrought thee
Thus if thou loue, thy loue will be a friend,
To gaine the life where loue will neuer end.
Finit.

A Lovers complaint.

TO loue, alas, what may I call thy loue, (strange
Thy vncouth loue, thy passions wondrous
A mischief deadly such as for to prooue,
My heart would than if power I had to change,

To change said I: recant againe that sound,
Recant I must, recant it shall indeede.

OF AMOROUS DEVICES.

With in my heart so many things abound,
As yeelds deſart how ere my fancies ſpeed.

Sweet is the lewre that feeds my gazing eyes,
Sweeter the lookes that whet me hote deſire,
Sweet is the harbor where my quiet lies,
But too vnſweet the meanes for to aſpire.

Yet muſt I loue I loue, and ſo I doe,
Suppoſe it hard the thing wherat I reach,
VVho doubts but pearles are for the beſt to wooe,
And greateſt minds to higheſt actions ſtretch.

Be witneſſe yet my friendes of all my paine,
And powers diuine that know my iuſt complaint,
Let all my loue within my barke remaine,
VVhom harmefull force hath neuer power to taint,
Finis.

A dialogue betweene Caron and Amator.

A. **C**ome Caron come with ſpeede:

C. **W**hat haſte? who calleth me?

A. **A** woful wight drown'd in deſpaire,
which now hath neede of thee.

C. **W**ho craues my helpe wants hap
But what afflicts the ſo?

A. **M**y hope is turned to deſpaire,
My friend become my foe.

Who vow'd her ſelfe to me,
But periur'd of her faith,
Performeth not ſhe promiſed,
As careleſſe what ſhe ſaith.

C. **A**h tyrant that ſhe is:
But what dooſt thou intend?

THE ARBOR

A. That with one death ten thousand deaths
might haue their final end,

C. Ob man for ferrie boat,
Goe doe what is assigned,
Despairing soules of Louers faine
May here no passage find.

A. Ob Caron cruell wretch,
That thus hast mocked me:
These hands of mine shall make a boate
To passe in spight of thee.

These eyes that stand with Teares
Shal make a flood to flow,
This heart shal stuffe my sayles with sighes,
And force my boate to goe,

Finis

A Sonnet.

*Giue me leaue to loue thee lasse,
giue me leaue to loue thee:
Then scott that I can doe no lesse,
then giue me leaue to loue thee.*

Thy golden hayre, thy forehead faire,
Thy daintie browes, thy eyes so cleare,
Those pretie dimples to them neere,
Doe cause me thus to loue thee.

Giue me leaue, &c.

Thy comely cheekes like damask rose,
Ymmixt with Lillies I suppose,
Euen parted by thy comely nose,
Would cause a man to loue thee.

Giue me leaue, &c.

Thy

THE ARBOR

Thy mouth from thence deuided is,
By such proportion of blis,
What treasure can be like to this,
that makes me thus to loue thee?

Giue me leane, &c.

Thine Amber breath, thy pretie chin,
Indimpled where it doth begin,
Doth make me thinke it were a sin,
If that I should not loue thee.

Giue me leane, &c.

Thy Lilly neck, that piller deere,
Like Alabaſter white and cleere,
Twixt vpright ſhoulders doth appeare,
To make a man to loue thee.

Giue me leane, &c.

Thy long ſmooth arme, thy ſilke ſofte hand,
I wiſh were to my neck a band-
So might I let thee vnderſtand,
how well that I doe loue thee.

Giue me leane. &c.

Vpon thy breasts more white then ſnow,
Two pretie pamplets cuenly grow,
O Venus giſts the richeſt ſhow,
to make a man to loue thee.

Giue me leane, &c.

Thy middle ſmall, that curdie rock,
That there lyeth hid vnder thy ſmock,
Doe mooue my ſpirits, I doe not mocke,
Exceedingly to loue thee.

Giue me leane, &c.

Thy hidden parts I recommend,
To his conceit who is thy friend,

THE ARBOR

Whose labour sure doth onely tend,
in part and whole to loue thee.

Giue me leave, &c.

Thy brawned thigh, thy whirled knee,
Thy legge, thine ankle pretilie,
Doe giue such comfort vnto mee
that I of force must loue thee.

Giue me leave, &c.

Thy heele, thy foot, thy toes so fraight,
That trip and tread with such a sleight,
Doe with my senses all so fraight
that needs I must thus loue thee.

Giue me leave, &c.

Each comelie parte from top to toe,
Will breed my sillie heart much woe,
Vnles it please thee for to show
that thou againe wilt loue me.

Giue me leave, &c.

Then sayd my loue, sith that you say,
And doe protest to loue me aye,
My loue to you Ile not deny,
in sorte as you doe loue me.

Giue me leave, &c.

So had I leaue to loue my Lasse,
So had I leaue to loue her,
Now should I be too much an Ass,
If I would not then prooue her,

Giue me leave, &c.

Finis.

A Poeme.

MY Mistresse all alone my seruice I did vowe,

She

OF AMOROVVS DEVISES

She sware, as she a woman was, no loue she did allow,
Alas, then grew my paine, it greu'd me to the heart,
My sences then so sencelesse were, as that I felt no smart,
And standing in a maz, as Aspis on the charme,
She said and swore (to saue my life) she wisht no good nor harme,
Alas, what bitter sweet, alas what pleasant paine.
What shiuering heat, what chilling cold, did passe through every vaine
And when I would haue sworne her heart would neuer mooue,
By Iesus Christ she tooke that oath, that she did neuer loue.
Alas what was I then? alas what am I now?
Too weake to loue, too strong to die. quick, dead, I know not how.

Finis,

A Poeme.

WE are happie I as others are,
Then might I liue as others doe;
But fortune giues a sundrie share,
And more to one then others too,

The mind doth yet content it selfe,
What euer fortune doe befall,
And makes no count of cankred pelfe,
Nor cares for any care at all,

For health it is the gift of God,
And giue him thanks, and so haue done,
And want of wealth a heauenly rod,
To punish natures eldest sonne.

If freinds doe frowne, then farewell they,
This worldie loue wil neuer last,
And if it be a rainie day,
The sunne wil shine when storme is past,

If troubles come a thwart thy minde,
Why tis a rule, there is no rest,
And he that seekes and cannot finde,
Must take a little for a feast,

THE ARBOR

If Ladies loue, then laugh for ioy,
And if they doe not, farewell loue;
If thou be lost, tis but a toy,
And if it hold, it will not moue,

Faire beaurie soone will fade away,
And riches quicklie fall to rust,
Thy youthfull yeares will soone decay,
And age will soone giue ouer lust,

The greatest horse is but a beast,
The highest Hawk is but a bird,
The sweetest banquet but a feast,
The brauest man is but his word,

To promise much doth please the eare,
But to performe contents the heart,
And where performance commeth, there
A vowed loue can neuer parte,

But they that haue the world at will,
And shrinketh at a shower of raine,
May hap to wish and want there will,
Vnles their hands haue greater gaine,

But hap what will my heart is sette,
I am resolu'd of this conceit,
If by desert I cannot get,
I loath to liue vpon deceit.

For stayed minde is of that state,
As euerie fortune cannot fide,
For hope nor feare, nor loue, nor hate,
Can euer change an honest minde,

But either die in secrete grieve,
Where care shall euer be conceald,

OF AMOROVVS DEVIES,

Then send abroad to seeke reliefe,
And haue a hurt vnkindely heald,

And onely trust in God on high,
For in the world there is no friend,
And loath to liue and long to die,
And know the world shall haue an end,

But if I die, and you doe mis,
The sweet conceition might command,
Then thinke but what a death it is,
To want desert without demand.

And thinke vpon the nights and dayes,
When beaten braines and broken heart,
Did readie serue at all assayes,
For to discharge an honest part.

And if that you doe hap to neede,
As other men doe now and then,
Thinke when that vertue stood in neede,
I. R. was a right honest man.

The time draweth on, I heare the bell,
That calleth for death my dearest friend,
But liue or die I wish you well,
Though your vnkindnes were my end.
Finis.

A Poeme vpon this word truth,

IN truth is trust, distrust not then my truth,
Let vertue liue, I aske no greater loue,
Of such regard repentance not ensueth,
And hope of heauendoth highest power prooue,

In truth sometime it was a sweete conceit,
To see how loue and life did dwell together,

THE ARBOR

But now in trueth there is so much deceit,
That trueth in deede is gone I know not whither.

Yet liueth trueth, and hath her secret loue,
And loue in trueth deserues to be regarded,
And lous regard in reason doth appeare,
Approued trueth can neuer be discharged:
Then try me first, and if that true you proue me,
In trueth you wrong me if you doe not loue me.
Finis,

A Poeme vpon the word sweet.

Sweet is the life, that is the sweet of loue,
Sweet is the loue, that is the sweet of life,
Sower the conceit that doth vnkindenes moue,
But kinde the sweete that endeth such a strife
Then for the sweet of sweetest louers vaine,
Sweet if thou louest me, sweetlie come againe.

Oh sweet and sweet, where nothing is but sweet,
Sweet be thy motions, and sweeter be thy minde,
Which shewes me sweet where sweet affections meet
In sweet content that cannot prooue vnkinde;
Then sweetest hart that to this humor mouest me,
Sweete come againe, that I may see thou louest me.

Sweet I began, and so with sweet I end,
There is no sweet vnto the sweet of loue,
Nor loue so sweet as in so sweet a friend,
Which shewes the sweet no sowernesse can remooue,
Let that sweet thought vnto this sweetnesse moue thee,
Sweet come againe, for by my sweet I loue thee,
Finis.

*A Louer finding his loue vnconstant,
maketh his last farewell.*

NO faith on earth, sweet fancie then adue,

- OF AMOROVVS DEVISES.

No fancie firme, why then there is no friend,
No friend but fained, what vice will then ensue,
Since trust doth prooue but treason in the end,
Farewell false loue, chy tryall is not iust,
No faith on earth, there is no friend to trust,

Fancie farewell, which I haue loued so,
And farewell loue that makes me loath my life,
And life adue which bred me all my woe,
And farewell woe, the forger of all strife,
And spite adue, which breedeth all contempt,
Contempt adue, whose mischief I repent,

And thus I end, repenting still my life,
Crauing for death to make a speedie end,
Torid me soone from all this cursed strife
And ease my heart which sorrow still doth rend:
With some contempt to shoulder off my paine,
Whose faith still stands in spite of all chaine.

A Poeme.

Loue makes me loath my life,
Yet doe I liue by loue.
This life brings death, and death brings life,
Both these and that I prooue:
I sigh and sing for ioy,
I laugh in paine to lie,
Thus moane workes mirth, and mirth weaues woe,
Twixt both I liue and die,

My colour shewes my care,
My care doth worke my paine,
My paine my griefe, my griefe my death,
My death mine endles gaine,
In vaine is beauties blaze,
If beautie want her meede,

THE ARBOR

The blossome fruit, the fruit his flower,
The flower wil haue his seed.

My youth doth shew my yeares,
My yeares should shew my ioye:
I haste to wed, I haue no will,
I stoope, yet am I coy,
Though outward face doth shew
Mine inward heart not payn'd,
Yet doth mine inward hart well know,
Mine outward face is fayn'd.

I fast, I pray, I play,
What diet can I prooue?
But ah I see the ripest witten
Are soonest thrall to loue:
With so it is, I sigh,
And to my selfe I sing,
Heygho, my hart, heigho alas,
Loue is a cruell thing.

Finis.

The moane of a Louer in despair.

GOe paper all be blurd, be blurd,
with bootles teares in vaine,
Goe tell, goe tell the heauie newes,
Of my consuming paine:
Goe tell, goe tell vnto my friends,
But if they aske thee why,
Let this suffice, it is enough,
I am resolu'd to die.

My head can take no quiet rest,
Mine eyes receiue no sight,
My mouth no taste, my nose no smell,
Mine eares heare no delight,
My silly panting hart doth saynt

OF AMOROUS DEVICES,

but if they aske thee why
Let this suffice, it is enough,
I am resolu'd to die,

My feeble hands with-hold their helpe,
my feete doe let me fall,
My tongue can harbor no delight,
to comfort me at all,
My wit and senses all do faile,
but if they aske thee why,
Let this suffice it is enough,
I am resolu'd to die,

I haue bespoken the Clarck in haste,
to toll my passing knill,
I haue in order as I ought,
my selfe set downe my will:
I cannot long time heere remaine,
but if they aske thee why,
Let this suffice it is enough,
I am resolu'd to die,

I haue prepar'd my shrowding sheet,
my graue I haue begun,
I haue almost perform'd the race
my wearie corps must runne,
I carrie but a little while,
but if they aske thee why,
Let this suffice it is enough,
I am resolu'd to die,

Finis.

A Poeme.

A Linckie face and piercing beauty bright:
Asb linckt in loue my little senses all,
A comely port, a goodlie shaped wight,
Hath made me slide that neuer thought to fall

THE ARBOR

Her eyes, her grace, her deedes and manners mild
So straines my heart that loue hath me beguil'd,

But not one dart of *Cupid* did me wound,
A hundred shafts light all on me at once,
As though dame kinde a new deuise had found
To teare my flesh and crash a two my bones,
And yet I feele such ioyes in these my woes,
That as I die my spirite to pleasure goes.

These my fond fits such change in me doth breede,
I hate the day, and drue to darknes, loe,
Yet by the lampe of beautie I doe feede,
In dimmest dayes, and darkest nights alfor
Thus altring state and changing diet still,
I feele and know the force of *Venus* will,

The best I finde is that I doe confesse,
I loue a dame whose beautie doth excell,
But yet a toy doth breede me my distresse,
For that I dread she will not loue me well:
Thus all my sweet still turne to bitter bale,
Ready to kill me ere I end my tale,

Oh Goddesse mine, yet heare the voyce of ruth,
And pittie him that heart presents to thee,
And if thou wilt but witnes for my trueth,
Let sighs and grones my iudge and record bee,
Vnto the enda day may come in haste,
To make me thinke I spend no time in waste,

For naught preuailes in loue to serue and lue,
If full effect ioyne not with words at neede
What is desire or any fancies now,
More then that which is spread abroad indeed:
My words and deedes shal eoth in one agree,
To pleasure her whose fire raine would I bee,
Finis.

OF AMOROVS DEVISES.

Of his Mistresse lone.

To trie whose art and strength did most excell,
My Mistresse, *Loue* and faire *Diana* met,
The Ladiere three forthwith to shooting fell,
And for the prize the richest Jewell set.
Sweet *Loue* did both her bowe and arrowes gage,
Diana did her beautie rare lay downe,
My Mistresse pawnde her crueltie and rage,
And she that wanne had all for her renowne:
It fell out thus when as the match was done,
My Mistresse gat the beautie and the bowe,
And streight to trie the weapons she had wonne,
Vpon me heart she did a shaft bestow.
By beautie bound, by *Loue* and Vigor slaine,
The losse is mine where hers was all the gaine.

Of a discontented minde.

Poets come all, and teach one take a penne,
Let all the heads that euer did indite,
Let Sorrow rise out of her darkest denne,
And helpe an heart an heauie tale to write,
And if all these or any one can touch,
The smallest part of my tormenting paine:
Then will I thinke my griefe is not so much,
But that in time it may be healde againe.
But if no one come neere the thought,
Of that I feele, and no man els can finde,
Then let him say that deare his cunning bought,
There is no death to discontented minde.

Of his Mistresse Beautie.

What ailes mine cies, or are my wits distraught,
Doe I not see, or know not what I see,
No manucil though to see that wonder wrought,
That on the earth another cannot bee.
What ment the Gods when first they did creat you,

THE ARBOR

To make a face to mocke all other features;
 Angels in heauen will surelie deadlie hate you,
 To leaue the world so full offoolish creatures.
 Cheekes that enchain the highest hearts in thrall,
 Is it set downe such faise shall neuer fade you.
 Hands, that the hearts of highest thoughts appall,
 Was not *Minerva* made when she had made you,
 Faire: looke on you, and fare well beauties grace,
 Wife: why your wits the wisest doth abash.
 Sweet: where is Sweet but in your sweetest face,
 Rich: to your will all treasure is but trash.
 Oh how these hands, are catching at those eyes,
 To feed this heart that onely liues vpon them,
 Ah, of these hands what humors doe arise,
 To blind these eyes that liue by looking on them.
 But heart must faint that must be going from you,
 And eyes must weepe that in you looke their seeing,
 Heauens be your place, where Angels better know you,
 And earth is too base for such a Goddesse beeing.
 Yet where you come among those highest powers,
 Craue pardon then for all these great offences,
 That when you dwelt among these hearts of ours,
 Your onelie eyes did blind our wits and senses.
 Now if you see my will above my wit,
 Thinke of the good that all your graces yeeld you:
 A mazed Muse must haue a madding fit,
 Who is but mad that euer hath beheld you.

A Sonnet.

Those eyes that hold the hand of euerie heart,
 That hand that holds the heart of euerie eye,
 That wit that goes beyond all Natures art,
 The sence too deepe for wilddome to discric.
 That eye, that hand, that wit, that heauenlie sence,
 Doth shew my onely Mistresse excellence.

Oh eyes that peare into the purest heart,

Oh

OF AMOROVS DEVISES,

Oh hands that hold the highest thoughts in thrall,
 Oh wit that weyes the depth of all defars,
 Oh sence that shewe the secret sweet of all,
 The heauen of heauens with heauenlie power preserve thee,
 Loue but thy selfe, and giue me leaue to serue thee,

To serue, to liue, to looke vpon those eyes,
 To looke, to liue, to kisse that heauenly hand,
 To sound that vvut that doth amaze the minde,
 To knowv that sence, no sence can vnderstand,
 To vnderstand that all the vworld may knowv,
 Such vvut, such sence, eyes, hands, there are no moe,

A Pastorell of Phillis and Coridon.

ON a hill there grovves a flower,
 Faire befall the daintie svccet:
 Ey that flower there is a bowver,
 Where the heauenly Muses meete.

In that bowver there is a Chaire,
 Fringed all about vvith golde:
 Where doth sit the fairest faire,
 That did euer eye beholde.

It is Phillis faire and bright,
 She that is the shepheards ioy:
 She that venus did dispight,
 And did blind her little boy,

This is she the wise, the rich,
 And the world desires to see,
 This is *Isa quae* the which,
 There is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire,
 Who would not this Saint adore,

THE ARBOR

Who would not this light desire,
Though he thought to see no more:

Oh faire eyes yet let me see,
One good looke, and I am gone,
Looke on me for I am hee,
Thy poore fillic *Corridan*.

Thou that art the shepheards Queene,
Looke vpon thy silly swaine:
By thy comfort haue beene scene,
Dead men brought to life againe.

The complaint of a forsaken Loner.

Let me goe seeke some solitarie place,
In craggie rocks where comfort is vnknowne:
Where I may sit and waile my heauie case,
And make the heauens acquainted with my mone,
Where onelie *Eccho* with her hallow voyce,
May sound the sorrow of my hidden sence:
And cruel chance the crosse of sweetest choyse,
Doth breed the paine of this experience.
In mourning thoughts let me my minde attire,
And clad my care in weedes of deadlie woe:
And make disgrace the graue of my desire,
Which tooke his death wh ereby his life did growe,
And ere I die engraue vpon my tombe,
Take heede of *Loue*, for this is *Loners* doome.

A pretie fancie.

Who takes a friend and trusts him not,
Who hopes of good and hath it not,
Who hath a Iem and keepes it not,
Who keepes a Ioy and loues it not.
The first wants wit the second will,
Carelesse the third, the fourth doth ill,

OF AMOROVS DEVISES.

*An Epitaph on the death of a noble
Gentleman.*

Sorrow come sit thee downe, and sigh and sob thy fill,
And let these bleeding bitter teares, be witnesse of thine ill,
See, see, how Vertue sits, what passions she doth prooue,
To thinke vpon the losse of him, that was her dearest loue,
Come *Pallas* carefull Queene, let all thy Muses waite,
About the graue, where buried is, the grace of your conceit,
Poets lay downe your pennes, or if you needs will write,
Confesse the onely day of loue hath lost her dawning light,
And you that know the Court, ask what becomes the place,
With griefe engraue vpon his tombe, he gaue al Courts a grace,
And you that keepe the fields, and know what valure is,
Say all too soone was seene in this vntimelie death of his,
Oh that he liu'd in earth, that could but halfe conceiue,
The honour that his rarest heart was worthy to receiue,
Whose wisdom farre above the rule of Natures teach,
Whose workes are extant to the world, that al the world may
Whose wit the wonder-stone, that did true wisdom teach, (teach
And such a sounder of conceipt, as few or neuer such.
Whose vertue did exceed in Natures highest vaine,
Whose life a lanthorne of the loue that surelie liues againe,
Whose friendship faith so fast, as nothing could remooue him,
Whose honourable curtesie made all the world to loue him
What Language but he spake; what rule but he had read?
What thought so high; what sence so deep but he had in his
A *Phoenix* of the world, whom fame doth thus commend, (head,
Vertue is life, Valor his loue, and Honour was his end.
Vpon whose tombe be writ, that may with teares be red:
Heere lies the flower of chivalrie that euer England bred.
Oh heauens, vpon the earth was neuer such a day,
That all conceits of all contents should al consume away,
Me thinkes I see a Queene come couered with a vaile,
The Court al stricken in a dumpe, the Ladies weepe & waile.
The Knights in careful sighes bewaile their secret losse,
And he that best conceales his griefe, bewraies he hath a crosse
Come Scholers bring your bookes, let reason haue his right,

THE ARBOR

Doe reuerence vnto the corse, in honour of the Knight,
 Come souldiers see the Knight, that left his life so neere ye
 Giue him a volley of your harts, that al the world may heare ye.
 And ye that liue at home, and passe your time in peace,
 To helpe ye sing his dolefull dirge, let sorrow neuer cease.
 Oh could I mourne enough, that all the world may see,
 The grieve of loue for such a losse, as greater cannot bee.
 Our Court hath lost a friend, our Countrie such a Knight,
 As with the torment of the thought, hath turned day to night,
 A man, so rare a man, did neuer England breed,
 So excellent in euerie thing, that all men did exceed,
 So full of all effects, that wit and sence may scan
 As in his heart did want no part to make a perfect man,
 Perfection farre about the rule of humane sence,
 Whose heart was onely set on heauen, and had his honor thence
 Whose marke of hiest aime, was honor of the minde,
 Who both, once did worldlie fame, and heauenlie fauour find
 Whom vertue so did loue, and learning so adore,
 As commendations of a man, was neuer man had more,
 Whom wise men did admire, whom good men did affect.
 Whom honest men did loue and serue, and all men did respect.
 Whose care his Countries loue, whose loue his Countries care,
 Whose careful loue considered wel, his Countrie could not spare
 Oh Christ what rithfull cries about the world doe ring,
 And to behold the heauie sighs it is a hellish thing.
 The campe, the dolefull campe, comes home with all a Mort,
 To see the Captaine of their care, come home in such a sort,
 The Court, the solemne Court, is in a sudden trance,
 And what is he but is amaze to heare of this mischance,
 The Cittie shakes the head, as it had lost a pillar,
 And kind affect is in such care, a little more would kill her,
 Sweet Oxford sits and weepes, and Cambridge cries outright.
 To loose the honour of their loue, and loue of their delight.
 The Clergie singing Psalmes, with teares beblot their booke,
 And all the schollers follow on, with sad and heauie lookes.
 The Muses and the Nymphes attired all in blacke,
 With tearing heares & wringing hands, as if their hearts would
 The father, wife and friends, and seruants in-degrees, (cracke,
 With blubbred eyes bewaile the life that faithfull loue did leese.

OF AMOROVS DEVISES.

My selfe that lou'd him more, then he that knew him much,
 VVill leaue the honour of his worth, for better wits to tutch;
 And said but what I thinke, and that a number know,
 He was a *Phoenix* of a man, I feare there are no moe,
 To set him downe in praise with men of passed fame,
 Let this suffice who more deseru'd: I neuer read his name.
 For this he was in right, in brieft to shew his praise,
 For Vertue, Learning, Valor, VVir, the honour of our dayes,
 And so with honor ende, let all the world goe seeke,
 So young a man, so rare a man, the world hath not the like.
 VVhose onelie corps consumes, whose Vertue neuer dies,
 VVhose sweetest soule enioyes the sweet of highest Paradise.

The sum of the former in foure lines.

GRace, Vertue, Valor, VVir, Experience, Learning, Loue,
 Art, Reason, Einc, Conceite, Denise, Discretion, Trueth
 All these in one, and but one onely prooue,
 Sorrow in age, to see the end of youth,

In the praise of his Mistresse.

POets lay downe your pennes, let fancie leaue to faine,
 Bid al the Muses goe to bed, or get a better vaine.
 There musicks are to base, to sound that sweet consaite,
 That on the wonder of the world, with wonder may awaite,
 But if as yet vnkowne, there be some daintie Muse,
 That can doe more then al the rest, and will her cunning vse,
 Let her come whet her wits, to see what she can doe,
 To that the best that euer wrote, came neuer neere vntoo,
 For Venus vvvas a toy, and onely feigned fable,
 And *Cresed* but a *Chawcers* ieast, and *Helen* but a bable.
 My tale shalbe of trueth, that neuer treason taught,
 My Mistresse is the onelie sweet, that euer Nature vvrought,
 Whose eyes are like those starres that keepe the highest skies, (eies;
 Whose beautie like the burning Sunne, that blinds the clearest
 Whose haire is like those beanes, that hang about the Sunne,
 When in the morning forth he steps, before his course he runne
 And

THE ARBOR

And let me touch those lips, by loue, by leaue, or locke,
When sweet affect, by sweet aspect, may yet some fauour sucke,
They are those little foldes, of Natures finest wit,
That shee sat smoothing while she wrought, & wil be smacking
And for that purest red, with that most perfect white, (yet.
That makes those cheeks the sweetest chains, of louers high
What may be sayd but this, Behold the onely feature, (delite.
That al the world that sees the face, may wonder at the creature
I wil not stand to muse as many writers doe.

To seeke our Natures finest stuffe to like her lims vnroo,
For if thou wert on earth that could in part compare:

With euerie part of euerie part, wherein her praises are:
Either for Natures gifts, or Vertues sweetest grace:

I would confesse a blinded heart, were in unhappie case,
But what doth Nature, Sence, and Reason doth approue,
She is the onely saint on earth, whom God and man doth loue.
Let this in summe suffice for my poore Muse and mee,
She is the Goddesse of the earth, and there is none but shee.

FINIS.

